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Because this is also a project about archives, I record here the lives of my grandmothers, both named Bhagheerathy. Both of my grandmothers had an elementary school education; both were married as young girls, my maternal grandmother at age nine and my paternal grandmother at sixteen; and both my grandmothers lived their entire lives in rural Kerala, raising nine children each in the decades before and after independence. Neither of them left behind an archive of any kind, save for a few photographs that are held close by my extended family. Though I knew

one grandmother for just a few months and the other for twenty years, I miss them both. It is a deep and abiding privilege to be their namesake. I honor as well my mother-in-law, Rojelia Ruiz, whose formal schooling ended in fourth grade but whose compassion runs so vast that it is truly an education to learn from her. My mother and father, Pushkala and A. P. S. Mani, have modeled ways of being that I could not otherwise conceive of. My father's enthusiasm for being photographed resulted in thousands of family photos, taken in cities and studios across Asia. My mother worked with these images to create an extraordinary collection of bound albums, numbering over one hundred. These photographs are the only documented archive of our family's life in Tokyo between 1976 and 2010. My parents' joint investment in photography is how I came to understand the ways in which we create narratives of identity, memory, and history through images. The photos and videos of my sweet niece, Amita Ohyabu, are the latest addition to this family story. To my mother, I owe everything. Her unshakable belief in me is why I have been able to live three continents apart from her; her deep faith in the value of the work I do is what love looks like.

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